

Wow 93

Chapter 93: Beyond Cognition

The instructor's demonstration lasted a long time, and even though he tackled the physical training stations in the most energy-consuming way, completing the entire process did not drain all of the instructor's strength.

But he clearly did not have the strength to demonstrate a second time.

The instructor, still catching his breath, came to the front of everyone again and pointed to the equipment in the distance, his voice trembling slightly with loudness as he issued the order, "Everyone line up to put on your protective gear on your own, start with the lowest 30 kilograms of weight for the first attempt, and feel free to switch it out mid-way if it's not suitable."

"Yes, Sir!"

"Begin!"

The gear was laid out extremely tidily, separated by category. When it was Bai E's turn, he didn't overestimate himself.

For the first contact, he chose the most conservative 30-kilogram weight as suggested by the instructor.

5 kilograms on each ankle and wrist, and a 10-kilogram vest, Bai E was meticulously putting on the gear when a voice suddenly rang in his ear.

"Kid, you had some guts earlier."

"?"

Bai E turned his head slightly and saw a fierce-looking man with a face full of horizontal flesh.

He hadn't even turned to look at who it was when he had retaliated before, but now the person had approached him on his own.

Amid the rustling sounds of donning gear, the man's voice was still relentless.

"Not talking? Got scared now?"

An outcome was definitely needed for the conflict between the two, and the other soldiers around, listening, could only snicker covertly, waiting to enjoy the show.

The silence from 95B27 seemed like a sign of weakness, and gradually, jeers began to spur on the crowd.

"Click~"

About four or five seconds of silence later, Bai E buttoned up and, for the first time, looked directly at the other person, "I don't know why you talk so much... We all have valuable time, so if you have something to say, just say it. I'll take it from there."

"I thought you'd chickened out! Good! Very good! I won't bully you, we'll do it by our traditional rules," the man said as he was putting on his gear, gesturing towards a nearby area with his chin, "See that over there? There's a target for testing strength. After the training, we rest for five minutes."

Each of us goes there and throws a punch. One punch to determine the winner, the loser crawls under the other's crotch. Got it?"

Bai E stared at the man's face and narrowed his eyes.

"What? Scared again?"

Shaking his head with a light sigh, Bai E replied, "I don't like this approach, but since you insist, I can only accept."

"Rookie, I like your fearlessness in not knowing your limits, but I don't like this nauseating pretense of yours," the man challenged.

"Don't like it, then hold it in," Bai E retorted.

Bai E turned and walked to the front of the physical training stations.

"Inhale~Exhale~"

The extra weight on his hands, feet, and body made Bai E somewhat unaccustomed. Standing before the station, he took a few deep breaths before starting.

The full breaths made blood circulation smoother, preparing all tissues in the body to burn.

"Don't be afraid, it's just a simple crawl, it'll be quick," the man taunted, sticking to Bai E like a plaster, and after saying his piece, he did not give Bai E a chance to retaliate, starting to move forward.

During training, there wasn't much opportunity to speak, as any improper breathing could cause injury to the body under extreme conditions.

This type of experience was common for veterans, but naive rookies looking to regain some dignity with words during the process often received an unforgettable lesson.

Tobyn had been through the same thing, always wanting to share his experiences with others.

With a faint smile on his lips, Bai E just found it amusing.

"Hey! Look, who's that coming over there?" Just as they were about to start officially, an exclamation came from the soldiers still queuing to put on their gear.

Following their gaze, a figure in a white coat was indeed strikingly conspicuous against the yellow, green, and black primary colors of the training field.

Helen?

The soldiers discussed quietly.

"What is she doing here?"

"Do you know her?"

"That's Helen from the Scientific Research Institute. Didn't you know that she's the one who gave us a hard time last night? They say she loves dissecting us synthetics. Maybe she's here to pick her target?"

"To be dissected by her..."

"...unbelievable." Bai E withdrew his gaze, not paying further attention.

...

After the last collaborative research, he knew that he was probably a long way from being dissected.

Although the scholar had not given any explicit verbal assurance, her attitude suggested that she probably didn't have any intention of dissecting him.

Moreover, since she already had all his physical data, it meant that his current abilities were within her expectations.

It also meant... that no matter how excellent his performance was, there should no longer be any worry about being dissected.

It was a good thing.

Seeing her appearance, Bai E's mood even improved a bit.

Begin, advance!

Bai E crouched down, and his streamlined muscles showed an inexplicable terrifying explosive power.

Like a cheetah poised to pounce, he began his intimidating pre-hunt display at his prey.

[You are using combat experience to correct your training movements... (Cost: 10 experience/min)]

[Current Simulation Completeness: 98.3%]

...

"Helen, this is just a normal training ground for soldiers, there's nothing worth researching here. Perhaps you should go look somewhere else?"

The officer leading Helen was sweating profusely.

Helen's fierce reputation was well known, and he was terrified that this mad scientist from the Scientific Research Institute would randomly select a "lucky" audience member for a once-in-a-lifetime scientific experience on the spot.

If there were to be a live demonstration...

Just the thought was frightening.

Helen's gaze shifted, giving the officer a quick up-and-down look.

The officer's hair stood on end, and he immediately fell silent.

"Beep beep~"

Helen reached out to touch the gold-rimmed glasses resting on her eye sockets, and after a faint electronic sound, the distant scene was instantaneously magnified before her eyes.

In the viewfinder, it was Bai E who was starting to move forward on the training course.

Bai E was wearing only a simple tank top and shorts for easy ventilation and sweat dissipation during training, his exposed skin revealing large areas of muscle. Those smooth yet distinct muscle lines were easily visible.

Watching somewhat avidly for a while, Helen blinked her eyes back to reality with satisfaction.

That is how muscles should be, supple like a cheetah yet not bulky, hiding tremendous explosive power within the harmony of bones and muscle.

This was a perfect work of genetics, more captivating than any artwork by human masters.

But like the big soldier two steps ahead of 95B27, his muscles looked as hard as stone, sinewy and bulging with veins... lacking both the aesthetics of the human form and the necessary flexibility and explosive power.

A failure!

Helen's delicate index finger once again swept over the bridge connecting the centers of the two lenses, and instantly, the human figures in the glasses' view shifted to display a flowing chart of colors like deep blue, orange, and red.

Thermal imaging.

The focus of advanced physical training is to rapidly and thoroughly exhaust the body's potential energy; the more complete the consumption, the easier it is to achieve improvement after training.

She had participated in and led the refinement project, so she knew the essentials better than anyone.

The primary range of the big soldier's bodily energy consumption was in his limbs and key areas such as the lumbar spine; the red imagery indicated his physical energy was burning intensely. Yet there were also areas of orange and even deep blue, representing completely undeveloped regions, showing on many parts of his body.

"Not bad..."

He essentially met the requirements of advanced physical training, it seemed the instructors here in the camp were quite diligent and committed.

Turning her head slightly, her gaze returned to the figure labeled 95B27, Helen's red lips parted in disbelief.

"How is this possible..."

Were the glasses broken?

This was the first thought that sprang to Helen's mind. Turning her head slightly to look at the other synthetic soldiers, she found that their situations were almost identical. Explore more stories with [m,v l'e-NovelBin.net](http://m,vl'e-NovelBin.net)

The flowing meld of deep blue, orange, and red tones wove an energy transformation map within each of their bodies.

However... shifting to 95B27—

Red... almost entirely red...

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